

# OCALA EVENING STAR

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

BITTINGER & CARROLL, PROPRIETORS  
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Entered at Ocala, Fla., postoffice as second class matter.

PHONE 21

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Domestic)	(Foreign)
One year, in advance.....\$5.00	One year, in advance.....\$5.00
Six months, in advance.....2.50	Six months, in advance.....2.50
Three months, in advance.....1.25	Three months, in advance.....1.25
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The Seaboard Air Line has put on a package car service between Cincinnati and Tampa. Ocala will benefit thereby.

One of the books at the public library bears the title of the "Imitation of Christ." There are not as many imitations of Christ in Ocala as there should be.

With the county now spending an average of \$44,000 a year on the upkeep of its roads, if the disbursements of the last three years are an indication, at the end of 30 years, the length of time named for the proposed bonds, the county will have spent for up-keep \$1,320,000. And how much better off would the county be for roads at the end of that time?

The Star, as aforesaid, thinks it will pay Marion county to bond for good roads. We think, however, that it will not be good policy to bond unless there is a large majority in favor of it. We have noticed that bond elections carried by narrow majorities have resulted in so much contest and bitter feeling that their benefit has been greatly reduced, if not eliminated.

They are no longer called jitneys in Jacksonville. Because they are painted yellow they are called yellow-jackets.—Clearwater Sun.

Do they sting?—Tampa Tribune.

They stung us the last two Sundays, on each of which we rode out to Silver Springs in one and had to take our choice between holding a fat man on our lap all the way back, walking or paying 50 cents to ride in a sure-enough car.

Many are making the argument that Marion county would have all that is desirable in a road if the present line and sand-clay roads were put in first class condition and then divided into districts and men with teams kept constantly repairing wherever any evidence of deterioration appears. The fact that the line and sand-clay roads can be washed out over night by the hard rains seems to be lost sight of.

We have no doubt that most Americans will be glad if the Deutschland has run the blockade, and will be glad to hear she has won her way home. She has a brave and skillful crew, and it is hard to believe that the gallant and genial seaman, whose last words before his craft sought safety under the waves, expressed good wishes for America, belongs to the same nation with the sneaking assassin who tormented the Lusitania. However, we have a lot of mighty bad men in our own country, so we can't very well wonder that they are some among the Germans.

The British government is being roundly abused for the execution of Sir Roger Casement. It is easy to understand why Germans and pro-Germans assail Britain for this act, as they do for everything else, but the Star doesn't see why Americans should take it to heart, and especially why they should compare Casement to Washington or any other patriot. Casement was for years a trusted servant of the British government and as such was a bitter enemy of the Boers, an independent people who struggled to preserve their independence. The Star thinks his record put him much more in the class of Benedict Arnold than in that of Washington.

Although knowing W. V. Knott pretty well for a pretty long time, we confess the necessity of revising our impressions of him somewhat. From his quiet and mild, and even sort of scary demeanor we had drawn an impression of a lack of the necessary spinal column for the chief executive of a great state; but from the way he stands by his guns through this tremendous drive we're bound now to think that column goes all the way through without a limber spot in it, and that there is simply no scare to him.—St. Petersburg Times.

As a general thing, a quiet man like Knott has ten times as much sand as a noisy blusterer like Fill in the blank for yourself.

It's the Star's opinion that the council will be unwise and unjust if it amends the plumbing ordinance against the recommendations of the judiciary committee. It will be unwise because nobody but a plumber has any business to do the work in question. Amateur plumbing work, in the matter of toilets and sinks, is of all things likely to cause sickness, not only in houses where such work is done, but in those where the work is done with care and skill. It will be unjust, because the city of Ocala exacts license from the plumbers who try to carry on business in its limits, and it isn't fair to them to turn their work over to every Tom, Dick and Harry who doesn't in return contribute to paying the public expenses. It's the Star's opinion that if the amendment is passed that the plumb-

## PRECISE DESCRIPTION OF BLACK POINT

(Continued from First Page)

have us at the entrance of Black Point, a broad brick roadway forming a huge sweeping semi-circle, swept around to the toe of the horseshoe and circled around the immense double-deck flagpole, from which Old Glory proudly floated, and as we rolled thru the gate and smoothly worked our way up towards the staff headquarters, I should judge about one-half mile or so, to the left of us the St. Johns river gleamed and glistened through the fringe and undergrowth about two hundred yards away. The breeze from the river cooled itself as it stole through the shade of the trees to our left and fanned us as it came out of the woods, causing a feeling of comfort to steal over us as we bowed along.

The first sight that attracted our notice was the rifle range, where the boys go out and shoot little steel-pointed bullets at targets. These targets have varying ranges, running from 200 yards to about one-half mile or more. Here the boys take cartridges with little steel bullets sticking out of the end and put them in their guns; they then take a careful squint along the barrel of the gun, shut their eyes, pull the trigger and start a great big hole thru the air. When they open their eyes the target is still there, and they take another shot at it, and hit it in the same place. There is lots of excitement in this target practice. I could write a whole lot more about it if I could only see them at it, but as I have never seen them shoot, and get my information second hand, I think the above is a pretty good description.

The next claim to our attention was a number of buildings to our left, used for commissary stores, ammunition depots, etc., where the substance for the whole regiment is stored, and each company draws on these stores for what it wants to eat and wear, and it is the company that has the best quartermaster who can put up the biggest bluff that gets the most supplies. The quartermaster of a company or regiment bears the same relation to his men that the head of the kitchen bears to him at home, viz: a good quartermaster means a bunch of contented men; so we passed on and then back to the cushions to enjoy and observe.

We rolled onward, making a great sweeping semi-circle, until the general staff headquarters loomed up before us, in the shape of a great building, situated between the driveway and the river, surrounded by big shade trees. Here it is that all general orders are received and given out. The boys affectionately refer to the inhabitants of this zone as the "leather legging brigade." The staff officers and their wives are quartered here and here are held the big levees, receptions, dances and other social functions of the like. I did not go to see the officers, so we did not stop here, but proceeded on and with a graceful sweep we circled the flagpole and parked our car among hundreds of others.

Having made one-half the circle of the horseshoe, we were now anxious to see what the other side contained, so facing down the field, to our left we discerned a single line or row of tents. They stood out in the clearing, facing the unending row of trees as far as the eye could see. Upon walking towards them we noticed that they seemed to be in pairs; that is, two tents stood side by side, then a little further on two more tents, close together and so on to the end of the line. Upon inquiry it developed that this row of tents that run in pairs were the quarters of the company commanders, one tent for the captain and the other tent for the first and second lieutenant. At one corner of each captain's tent stood a little flag. They call this the company flag. Each was of different color and pattern from the other little company flags stuck up at the other tents.

This whole line of company commander tents faced the woods, and as one gazed towards the dark recesses of the overhanging branches of the trees, we could discern long rows of tents stretching away towards the river. There were the homes of the privates or fighting men of the line. Each company had two rows of tents; between these two rows of tents the ground was carefully cleared and leveled, for a space of 75 or 80 feet, making a clear, broad lane that is called the company street.

Now when we reached the company commanders' tents I looked for Captain Edward Drake, for I knew him and wanted to see what kind of a captain he looked like. Captain Drake was not in evidence, so we passed on to the lieutenants' tent. I used to know Lieut. Campbell when he was a little boy and lived in Bellevue, years ago, and I wanted to meet him once more. I remember once he came into our store with a loaded shotgun. There were a number of customers in the store and some of the boys were handling the gun rather promiscuously when dad looked up and said, "Son, is that gun loaded?" and Lieut. Campbell, then in knee breeches, said, "Yes, sir." It only took dad about two steps to reach that gun and eject the shell and give Curry a lecture on the evils of carrying loaded guns into stores where people congregated. I wanted to meet Lieut. Campbell and remind him of that little incident, but he was nowhere in sight. But now I guess he could read my dad whole essays on the proper handling of guns. Anyway, I found out one thing about him, that most everybody knows that

frequently these drill grounds and that is that he is considered to be one of the most efficient drill masters in this whole regiment, which goes to prove the value of an early training in Bellevue. Lieut. Marsh was also absent from the post, being off on a recruiting trip down state.

Capt. Drake has two very efficient lieutenants and I am told he is very proud of them, and all Ocala is proud of the three company commanders. Some one should send them a copy of Dumas' Three Guardsmen or Three Musketeers, as it is sometimes known. As we stood at the officers' quarters and looked down the company street the first thing that struck our eye was a bonfire, in a hole in the ground, just in front of the company kitchen, or mess hall, as the soldiers call it. This hole is about four or five feet deep, by three or four feet wide, and perhaps six feet long. Into it goes every bit of refuse, sweepings, odds and ends of any and all descriptions, so that the grounds are absolutely free from any litter, paper or trash of any kind. This fire is kept burning 24 hours a day, and is a great conservator of health, cleanliness and neatness.

At the head of each company street and at the end of one of the rows of tents is the kitchen and as we walked up, the first familiar face that greeted me was Alfred Abshire, in full kitchen regalia. Alfred is the chief cook and bottle washer for the company. He was glad to see us and we were glad to see him looking so contented. As we stood talking Lloyd Maier came up and we exchanged experiences, we giving him the Bellevue news in exchange for his camp experiences. Just then along came Laurie Benjamin, minus a shave. Laurie will be an officer some of these days, if the opportunity affords. I missed the smiling face of Lawton Sims, so sent Lloyd Maier to find him. He found him at Sunday school under a big oak tree. Just then along came Willie McKay of Oxford. Willie has his heart set on going to that barbecue at Oxford, August 5th, and is going if he has to walk; and then along came one of those Johnny on the spot boys, Mr. Hugo McIntosh, a former attache of McIver & McKay's big store. Mr. McIntosh was right on the job. It was certainly refreshing to see him put on his best store manner, and with the air of a professional salesman take us in charge to show us the camp.

We did not want to buy any camp however, but we were glad to have him do the showing, so down the company street we went. We explored the recesses of those tents and saw just how those soldier boys lived, slept and existed. While we were exploring, bang! went a gun in one of the tents. For a minute all was excitement—men rushed here and there. Suddenly out of space an authoritative voice rolled out in tones not to be mistaken, "Company A, attention!" Before you could say Jack Robinson, quietness prevailed. The men came to attention and the culprit who caused all the commotion stated that his gun was loaded but he did not know it would go off. One of the bystanders casually remarked that "such ignorance was refreshing," and the incident was over. Such little incidents as these serve to relieve the monotony of camp life.

After exploring the company street, we went out and looked at a smaller row of tents behind the company commanders' tents. These were the major or battalion commander tents. Each major has charge of a battalion or four companies, but right down in the middle of the line of officers' tents was a great big tent with a pavilion out in front of it. This was the tent of the commanding colonel of the regiment. He is the whole cheese to this whole aggregation of 1500 or more men. Privates, non-commissioned and commissioned officers all look to him. His word is law. I guess that is why there are so many colonels in private life, and should we have war with Mexico there will be a whole raft of colonels turned loose on the country, and about forty years from now people will be calling Willie Whisenant colonel.

About this time a certain bustle and running about was noticeable. A man down near the center of the line took a little horn and blew through it, and a little tune came out. I did not know the tune but our guide told us that the regimental bugler was blowing orders to the different company buglers. So, when this first man would toot out a little tune other men all over the grounds would take up the refrain and they, too, would toot out a little tune. It was not ragtime; I am sure of that, and though it was Sunday I am quite certain it was not sacred music. But anyhow, this man down by the tent where the big noise held forth stood there and blew his little tune, and then tunes were taken up by others all over the grounds, and the bugle sounded on all sides. I then noticed that there was a general drift of men to their quarters, or company street, and the beginning of the make-up of the great regimental parade was on. Each company formed in its own street and after a good deal of picking, shouting and other filling and backing, the company was

ready and stood at rest, and down the whole line each company stood at rest in its own company street, in the dark woods sheltered by the overhanging branches, and invisible to the multitude of sight seers.

All this time the little bugles were giving forth notes, which being properly interpreted, were repeated from company to company until all was in readiness and at the bugle note, a hush fell on the multitude, and with a soft, easy swing the regimental band left its quarters playing a stirring tune—and the game of war was on.

Out into the open they marched and the music stirred the hearts of men, women and children, for the silence of death prevailed as on they went, straight to a given point and stopped. A bugle sounded and out from the depths of the dark woods crept a slender file of men, heads erect. After them from a little nook further on, another file fell in behind, and then another and even another broke from the depths of the woods, and in sinuous, rhythmic manner worked their way across the open field, now in one formation, now in another. They maneuvered around and came to rest—a battalion of men. The band played and further down the line a stream of men again emerged from the woods; out they poured, one after another, until it just seemed that those woods were full of soldiers, and as they streamed across the grounds, the band playing, the people held their breath, and as they found their place and came to rest, another battalion was in formation; as fast as one line ended another came out and kept the thread unbroken, until a long line crept across the open field and worked itself into place in keeping with the other two battalions. The bugle sounded, orders were shouted, the music crashed and the regiment was in motion.

A subdued tense thrill ran through the multitude of onlookers as the thousand men shaped themselves into a marching regiment as one man. Here and there they went, winding their way around and over the field, giving a good demonstration of the value of training and such training! These men, many of them only a few weeks ago were raw, untrained recruits, now walking with the confident air of a trained soldier in Uncle Sam's army.

With a grand sweep the regiment was brought to rest, facing the flag. The band in a very impressive way played the Star Spangled Banner, the thousands present bared their heads, Old Glory fluttered from its lofty perch, and down, down to earth. A large sigh escaped from the multitude, and the parade was over—only a memory.

To the sightseers it was an object lesson never to be forgotten, to the friends and relatives there it showed them that this was no local display, for it brought to their minds that all over these United States at this time the same scene was being enacted and the reason for it was the protection of our homes and frontiers.

Here our men were rushing to the colors to protect the honor of Texas and Arizona, if the need should happen. The men of Texas and Arizona would rush to the colors to protect the homes of Florida and Georgia or any other state that might be threatened. The very immensity of the thing appeals one.

In our every day existence we see the boys and young men of our towns growing up around us, and we look at them with varying degree of tolerance. Two months ago for any one in Bellevue to have made the statement that Lloyd Maier was a hero would have brought ridicule upon all concerned, and yet who will dispute today that he is a hero? Not only Lloyd Maier, but every mother's son in the Second Regiment of Florida is a hero, for they have forsaken home and fireside to go into camp and subject themselves to a strict iron rule of discipline, to which none of them were accustomed; to put up with all the inconveniences of camp life and camp cooking, to endure day after day, hour after hour of drilling and preparation in the boiling sun with only the prospects in sight of going to the hot burning sands of far away lands and being shot at by dirty greasers and probably hit and left like a dog out in the burning sun by day and the chill mountain air by night, to die a miserable death. Why? And what for? First, to protect the home and fireside of other American citizens like ourselves. Second, to help these poor, misguided and misused greasers to establish a stable government of their own. This is the reason why our boys and men have given up their comfortable homes, their positions, their business and all that they hold dear and near. All hail to our heroes at Black Point! Eleanor Tremere.

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